

THE
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:
A
COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE SONGS,
SCOTS AND ENGLISH.
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOLUME I. & II.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.

A NEW EDITION.

BERWICK:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PHORSON.

MDCXCIII.

THE

TEA-TABLE



COLLECTION

THE

TEA-TABLE

BY

PER WICK

PRINTED BY

DEDICATION.

*To ilka lovely BRITISH lass,
Frae Ladies Charlotte, Anne, and Jean,
Down to ilk bonny singing Bess,
Wha dances barefoot on the green.*

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR most humble slave,
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling, wad your acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' propine.

Then take it kindly to your care,
Revive us with your tunefu' notes:
Its beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arisin' fastly through your throats.

The wanton wee thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling eye,
The spinet tinkling with her voice,
It lying on her lovely knee.

While kettles dringe on ingles dour,
Or clashes stay the lazy lafs;
Their fangs may ward you frae the four,
And gaily vacant minutes pass.

E'en while tea's fill'd reeking round,
Rather than plot a tender tongue,
Treat a' the circling lugs wi' sound,
Syne safely sip when ye have sung.

May happiness had up your hearts,
And warm you lang with loving fires:
May pow'rs propitious play their parts,
In matching you to your desires.

A. RAMSAY.

EDINBURGH, Jan. 1.

1724.

P R E F A C E.

ALTHOUGH it be acknowledged that our Scots tunes have not lengthened variety of music, yet they have an agreeable gaiety and natural sweetness, that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among ourselves, but in other countries. They are, for the most part, so chearful, that on hearing them well play'd or sung, we find a difficulty to keep ourselves from dancing. What further adds to the esteem we have for them, is their antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's love for novelty would appear to contradict this; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with vocal or instrumental music, there are fifty that content themselves with hearing and singing without the trouble of being taught. Now, such are not judges of the fine flourishes of new music imported from Italy and elsewhere, yet will listen with pleasure to tunes that they know, and can join with in the

chorus. Say that our way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty, or soft thoughts, after the poet has dressed them in four or five stanzas; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with people who have not bestowed much of their time in acquiring a taste for that downright perfect music, which requires none, or very little of the poet's assistance.

My being well assured, how acceptable new words to known tunes would prove, engaged me to the making verses for above fixty of them, in this and the second volume: above thirty more were done by some ingenious young gentlemen, who were so well pleased with my undertaking, that they generously lent me their assistance; and to them the lovers of sense and music are obliged for some of the best songs in the collection. The rest are such old verses as have been done time out of mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the dross of blundering transcribers and printers; such as, The Gaber-lunzieman, Muirland Willy, &c. that

claim their place in our collection for their merry images of the low character.

THIS sixteenth edition, in a few years, and the general demand for the book by persons of all ranks, wherever our language is understood, is a sure evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy friend Dr. Bannerman tells me from America, that

Not only do your lays o'er Britain flow,
Round all the globe your happy sonnets go;
Here thy soft verse, made to a Scottish air,
Are often sung by our Virginian fair;
Camilla's warbling notes are heard no
more,

But yields to Last time I came o'er the
moor;

Hydaspes and Rinaldo both give way
To Mary Scot, Tweedside and Mary Gray.

FROM this and the following volumes, Mr. Thompson (who is allowed by all to be a good teacher and singer of Scots songs) culled his Orpheus Caledonius, the music for both the voice and flute, and the words of the songs finely engraved in a folio book, for the use of

persons of the highest quality in Britain, and dedicated to the Queen. This, by the bye, I thought proper to intimate, and do himself that justice which the publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious list of subscribers, that the most of the songs were mine, the music abtracted.

IN my compositions and collections, I have kept out all smut and ribaldry, that the modest voice and ear of the fair singer might meet with no affront: the chief bent of all my studies being to gain their good graces; and it shall always be my care to ward off those frowns that would prove mortal to my muse.

Now, little books, go your ways; be assured of favourable reception, wherever the sun shines on the free-born chearful Briton; steal yourselves into the ladies bosoms. Happy volumes! you are to live too as long as the song of Homer in Greek and English, and mix your ashes only with the odes of Horace. Were it but my fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious figure would I appear on the utmost limits of time, after

a thousand editions? Happy volumes!
you are secure ; but I must yield, please
the ladies, and take care of my fame.

In hopes of this, fearless of coming age,
I'll smile thro' life ; and when for rhyme renown'd,
I'll calmly quit the farce and giddy stage,
And sleep beneath a flow'ry turf full sound.

I N D E X

To Volume I. & II.

Beginning with the first line of every Song.

<p>A H, Chloe, thou treasure, thou joy, A lovely lass to a friar came Ah, Chloris, cou'd I now but sit As from a rock past all relief Auld Rob Morris that wins in yon glen As Sylvia in a forest lay And I'll o'er the moor to Maggy At Polwart on the green As walking forth to view the plain Ah! why those tears in Nelly's eyes Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate As I went forth to view the spring Adieu for a while my native green plains An I'll away to bonny Tweedside As early I walk'd on the first of sweet May Altho' I be but a country-lass As I sat at my spinning wheel Adieu the pleasing sports and plays A southland Jenny that was right bonny As I come in by Teviot side A cock laird fu' eadgie At setting day and rising morn</p> <p style="text-align: center;">B</p> <p>By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay Blate Johnny faintly tald fair Jean his mind Bright Cynthia's power divinely great By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining Beneath a beech's grateful shade By the delicious warmth of thy mouth Beneath a green shade I found a fair maid Bessy's beauties shine fae bright</p>	<p>34 38 46 52 58 60 64 65 66 88 89 98 132 136 164 169 172 175 183 186 195 299</p> <p>17 24 35 66 71 73 76 97</p>
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Bless'd
Beauty
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Blyth
Bask y

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Cauld

Dum
Dear
Duty

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How
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Hea
How
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Hav
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How
Hic

Is
In

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I N D E X

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Beginning with the first line of every Song.

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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
C H O I C E S O N G S.

B O N N Y C H R I S T Y.

HOW sweetly smells the summer green!
Sweet taste the peach and cherry;
Painting and order please our een,
And claret makes us merry:
But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,
And wine tho' I be thirsty,
Lose a' their charms, and weaker powers,
Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
No nat'ral beauty wanting,
How lightsome is't to hear the lar',
And birds in concert chanting?
But if my Christy tunes her voice,
I'm rapt in admiration:
My thoughts with ecstasies rejoice,
And drap the hail creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
I take the happy omen,
And aften mint to make advance,
Hoping she'll prove a woman:
But, dubious of my ain desert,
My sentiments I smother;
With secret sighs I vex my heart,
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,
 His Chirsty did o'er hear him;
 he doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But ere he wist drew near him.
 he spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her;
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And slang his arms about her.

My Chirsty! — witness, bonny stream;
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream;
 O' love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for tauk;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with set speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kisses.



THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her,
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,
 No maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought myself the luckiest lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
 In words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.
 Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented;

If e'er we meet she shows disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember,
 But now her frowns makes it decay,
 It fades as in December,

Ye rural powers who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me!
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me:
 If not my love will turn despair,
 My passion no more tender
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

An ODE.

Tune, Polwart on the green.
 THO' beauty, like the rose
 That smiles on Polwart green
 In various colours shows,
 As 'tis by fancy seen:
 Yet all its diff'rent glories ly,
 United in thy face,
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to ev'ry grace.

So charming is her air,
 So smooth so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care
 Each motion seems assign'd:
 But yet so cheerful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye.
 Kind am'rous Cupids while
 With tuneful voice she sings

Perfume her breath and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings ;
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful ecstasies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Not all the gay flow'rs of the field,
 Not Tweed gliding sweetly through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
 With music enchant ev'ry bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the mead,
 Let us see how the primroses spring,
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
 And love while the feather'd folks sing,

How does my love pass the long day ?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep ?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.
 'Tis she does the virgins excell,
 No beauty with her may compare ;
 Love's graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray ?
 O ! tell me at noon where they feed :

Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

S O N G.

Tune, Wo's my heart that we should sunder.

Is Hamilla then my own?

O! the dear, the charming treasure:
Fortune now in vain shall frown;
And all my future life is pleasure.

See how rich with youthful grace,
Beauty warms her ev'ry feature:
Smiling heav'n is in her face,
All is gay, and all is nature.

See what mingling charms arise,
Rosy smiles, and kindling blushes:
Love sits laughing in her eyes,
And betrays her secret wishes.

Haste then from the Idalian grove,
Infant smiles, and sports, and graces;
Spread the downy couch for love,
And lull us in your sweet embraces.

Softest raptures, pure from noise,
This fair happy night surround us;
While a thousand sprightly joys
Silent flutter all around us.
Thus unshur'd with care or strife,
Heav'n still guard this dearest blessing!
While we tread the path of life,
Loving still and still possessing.

S.

S O N G.

LET's be jovial, fill our glasses,
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare,
We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
While our bottle drowns our care,
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine will make us red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget;
Come let us fiddle all our noses,
Drink ourselves quite out of debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim death is looking for us,
We are toping at our bowels,
Bacchus joining in the chorus;
Death be gone, here's none but souls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

God-like Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling death away shall fly,
Ever after after understanding,
Drinking souls can never die.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

OF CHOICE SONGS.

7

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland Willie came to woo,
Though he could neither say nor do,
The truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'll ha'e to be my bride.
With a fall dal, &c.

On his gray yad as he did ride,
With durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir.
Till he came to her dady's door.
With a fal dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within?
I'm come your doghter's love to win.
I care na for making meikle din;
What answer gi'e ye me?
Now wooer, quoth he would ye light down,
I'll gi'e ye my doghter's love to win.
With a fal, dal &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win or in what town?
I think my doghter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he stept up the house,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse.
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough
The place they ca' it Cadeneugh
I scorn to tell a lie.

Besides, I ha'e frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal dal, &c.

The maid pat on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnilie.

The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waist.
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;
And for mysell you need na fear,

Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat out his chow,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou'
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' la'
She had na will to say him na,
But to her daddy she left it a'

As they twa cou'd agree.

The lover he gae her the tither kifs,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal,

Your doghter wad na say me na,
Bat to yoursell she has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;

Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?

Now, wooer quo he, I ha'e nae meikle,
But sic's I hae ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three founs of sheep, two good milk ky,
Ye's hae the wadding dinner free;

Troth I can do na mair.

Content, quo' he, a bargain be't ;
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal-day it came to pass,
 With mony a blythome lad and lass ;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mefs John ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap knots, lug-knots, a in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were braw-new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.
 Their eyes and mutches were fae clean
 They glanced in our ladies' een,
With a fal dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him ;
 The minstrels they did never blin
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their wames tagether met
With a fal, dal, &c.

THE PROMIS'D JOY.

Tune, Carl an the king come.

WHEN we meet again, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely,
 Raptures will reward our pain
 And los result in gain, Phely,

Long the sport of fortune driven,
 To despair our thoughts were giv'n,

Our odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant groves,
 Though we moan like turtle doves,
 Suff'ring best our virtue prove,
 And will enhance our loves, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a surprisè,
 Till its happy hour arise ;
 Temper well your love sick sighs,
 For hope becomes the wise, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our pain,
And loss result in gain, Phely.

To DELIA, on her drawing him to her Valentine.

Tune, Black ey'd Susan.

YE powers ! was Damon then so blest,
 To fall to charming Delia's share ;
 Delia, the beauteous maid, possèst
 Of all that's soft, and all that's fair
 Here cease thy bounty, O indulgent heav'n !
 I ask no more, for all my wish is giv'n.

I came, and Delia smiling shew'd,
 She smil'd, and shew'd the happy name ;
 With rising joy my heart o'erflow'd,
 I felt, and blest the new-born flame
 May softest pleasures careless round her move,
 May all her nights be joy and days be love.

She drew the treasure from her breast,
 That breast where love and graces play,

O name be yond expression blest !

Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be so lodg'd ! the thought is ecstacy,
Who would not wish in paradise to ly ?

R.

The FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

Tune, *Auld lang syne.*

WHEN flow'ry meadows deck the year,
And sporting lambskins play,
When spangled fields renew'd appear,
And music wak'd the day :
Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r,
to hear my am'rous lay ;
Warm'd by my love, the vow'd no pow'r
Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
Surround our couch in throngs,
And all their tuneful art bestow,
To give us change of Songs ;
Scenes of delight my soul possess'd,
I bless'd then hugg'd my maid ;
I robb'd the kisses from her breast,
Sweet as a noon day's shade.

Joy transporting never fails
to fly away as air,
Another swain with her prevails
to be as false as fair.
What can my fatal passion cure ?
I'll never woo again ;
All her disdain I must endure,
Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
Thus sighing with his pain ;

But time and scorn may give him joy,
 To hear her sigh again.
 Ah! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
 Do not thyself beguile,
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a smile.

To Mrs S. H. on her taking something ill I said

Tune, Hallow ev'n.

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
 That beauteous heav'n ere while serene?
 Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
 Or what this gust of passion mean?
 And must then mankind lose that light,
 Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
 And ly obscure in endless night,
 For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
 That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
 Thy beauty can make large amends;
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
 Thy virtue well might give the lie,
 Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t' ensare,
 With all her charms has deck'd thy face,
 And Pallas, with unusual care,
 Bids wisdom heighten every grace,
 Who can the double pain endure;
 Or who must not resign the field
 To thee, celestial maid, secure
 With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
 Let not a wretch in torment live,

But smile, and learn to copy heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself appears'd bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How Blyth ilk morn was I to see
The swain come o'er the hill !
He skipt the burn and flew to me :
I met him with good will.
*O the broom, the bonney bonney broom,
The broom of Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were with my dear swain
With his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay ;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed so sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by :
E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
Betwixt our flocks and play !
I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
 He staw my heart; Cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My dogie, and my little kit
 That help my wee sup whey,
 My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
 May now ly usefess by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
 Farewel a' pleasures there;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 The broom of Cowdenknows:
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

TO CHLOE.

Tune, *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

O LOVELY maid, how dear's thy pow'r?
 At once I love at once adore:
 With wonder are my thoughts possess'd,
 While softest love inspires my breast.
 This tender look, these eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous master thine;

These eyes with Strephon's passion play
First make me love and then betray.

Yes, charming victor, I am thine.
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
Thou can't give bliss, or bliss destroy:
And thus I've bound myself to love,
While bliss or misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy charms
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy arms;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment gone.
Still would I love, love thee alone
But, like some discontented shade
That wanders where its body's laid,
Mournful I'd roam with hollow glare,
For ever exil'd from my fair.

Upon hearing his picture was in CHLOE's breast.

Tune, *The fourteenth of October.*
YE gods! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast
Move softer, thou fond flatt'ring heart,
Oh gentle throb,—too fierce thou art.
Tell me thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade?

And thou blest shade. that sweetly art
Lodged so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungratefull thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent pray'r,

Ingrossing all that beauteous heav'n,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has giv'n.

I cannot blame thee ; Were I lord
Of all the wealth those breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive,
Oh smile not thus, my lovely fair
On these cold looks, that lifeless are ;
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O pow'rful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade :
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But Oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :
'Then, eharmer' grant my fond request,
Say thou canst love, and make me bless'd.

SONG FOR A SERENADE.

Tune, The broom of Cowdenknows.

TEACH me, Chloe, how to prove,
My boasted flame sincere :
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.

Sleep in vain displays her charms,
To bribe my soul to rest,
Vainly spreads her silken arms,
And courts me to her breast,

Where can Strepon find repose,
If Chloe is not there ?

For ah ! no peace his bosom knows,
When absent from the fair.

What tho' Phœbus from on high
With-holds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light supply,
And give me more than day.

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdes, lay
Be so kind, O ye nymphs I oftimes heard her say
Tell Strephon I die' if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning
False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms
You deceive me for Strephon's cold heart never warms
Yet bring me this Strephon let me die in his arms

Oh Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she let me go
Down to the shades below,
Ere ye let Strephon know
That I have lov'd him so.

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show

That love was the cause my of mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came by ;
He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh
But finding her breathless, Oh heavens ! he did cry

Ab Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art.
They sighing, replied, 'Twas yourself shot the dart,
That wounded the tender young shepherdes' heart,

And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then, is Chloris dead,
Wounded by me ? he said ;
I'll follow thee, chaste maid,
Down to the silent shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head

Expir'd the poor Strephon with mournin.

To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her at a concert.

Tune, *The bonniest lass in a' the world.*

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
 Hamilla! heav'nly charmer;
 See how, with all their arts and wiles,
 The Loves and Graces arm her.
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
 Fair seats of youthful pleasures,
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.
 O fairest maid, I own thy pow'r

I gaze, I sigh, and languish.
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish
 But ease O charmer, ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

THE BONNY SCOT.

Tune, *The boat man.*

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boat-man.
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man:
 In haly bands
 We join'd our hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While parents rate
 A large estate,
 Before a faithfu' lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat——man,
 Ere I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot——man.
 Wae worth the man
 Wha first began
 The base ungenerous fashion,
 Frae greedy views
 Love's art to use,
 While strangers to its passion.

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing lassie,
 Who pants to press thy balmy mouth
 And in her bosom hause thee.
 Love gie's the word,
 Then haste on board,
 Fair winds and tenty boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er
 Frae yonder shore,
 My blyth my bonny Scot——man.

SCORNFU' NANCY.

To its own Tune.

NANCY's to the green-wood gane,
 to hear the gowd spink chatt'ring,
 And Willie he has follow'd her,
 to gain her love by flatt'ring:
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him;
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny or my aunty?
 With crowdy mowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty tanty;
 With bannocks of good barley meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty,
 With chapped stocks fou butter'd well;
 And was not that right dainty?

• Although my father was nae-laird,
 'tis daffin to be vaunty,
 He kepit ay a good kail yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry;
 A good blew bonnet on his head,
 An owrlay 'bout his craigy;
 And ay until the day he dy'd,
 He rade on good shanks naggy.

Now wae and wonder on your snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny Nancy?
 Wad ye compare yoursell to me,
 A docken till a tansie?
 I have a wooer of my ain,
 they ca' him souple Sandy,
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet like sugar candy.

Wow, Nancy, what need a' this dim?
 Do I not keen this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rob the beggar randy:
 His minny Meg upon her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 to me your winsome Willy?

My gutcher left a good braid-sword,
 Though it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may take it on my words
 It is baith stout and trusty;

And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
that he shall get a heezy.

Then Nancy turn'd her round about,
And said, did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout ;
I ken he disna fear ye :
Sae had your tongue and say nae mair,
Set somewhere else your fancy ;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nancy.

SLIGHTED NANCY.

Tune, The kirk wad lat may be.

'Tis I have seven braw gowns,
And ither seven better to mak,
And yet for a my new gowns,
My wooer has turn'd his back.
Besides, I have seven milk ky,
And Sandy he has but three ;
And yet for a' my milk-ky,
The ladie winna ha'e me.

My dady's a delver of dikes,
My mither can caird and spin,
And I am a fine fodge lass,
And the filler comes linkin in,
The filler comes linkin in,
And it is fou fair to see,
And fifty times wow ! O wow !
What ails the lads at me ?
When ever our Baty does bark,
Then fast to the door I rin,
To see gin ony young spark
Will light and venture but in :

But never a ane will come in,
 Tho mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the house I rin;
 And a weary wight am I.

When I was at my first prayers,
 I pray'd but anes i' the year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young lad.
 And a lad with muckle gear.
 When I was at my neist pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my head about gear.
 If I got a handsome young man.

Now when I'm at my last pray'rs,
 I pray on baith night and day,
 And O! if a beggar wad come,
 With that same beggar I'd gae.
 And O! and what'll come o' me:
 And O! and what'll I do?
 That sic a braw lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a wooer I trow.

LUCKY NANCY.

Tune, Dainty Davie.

WHILE fops in fast Italian verse,
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse
 While fangs abound and sence is scarce,
 these lines I have indited,
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
 Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear
 The maidens are delighted.

*I was ay telling you
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,
 Auld springs wad ding the new,
 But ye wad never trow me.*

Nor snaw with crimfon will I mix
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
 Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
 I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
 My height of ecstacy to prove,
 Nor sighing—thus—present my love
 With roses eke and lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had maist forgot
 My mistress and my song to boot,
 And that's an unco' faut I wat
 But Nanfy, 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime ;
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chyme,
 And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken my rev'rend sonfy fair,
 Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
 Thy half shut een and hodling air,
 Are a' my passion's fewel.
 Nae skyring gowk, my dear can see,
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;
 Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,
 Dryest wood will citheist low,
 Aud, Nancy, sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which never anither bard wad do ;
Hear then my charitable vow,

Dear venerable Nancy.

But if the world my passion wrang,
And say ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a stand'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

A SCOTS Cantata.

The tune after an Italian manner.

Composed by Signor Lorenzo Bocchi.

RECITATIVE.

BLATE Jonny faintly tald fair Jean his mind ;
Jeany took pleasure to deny him sang ;
He thought her scorn came frae her heart unkind,
Which gart him in despair tune up this sang

A I R.

O bonny lassie, since 'tis sae,
That I'm despis'd by thee,
I hate to live but O I'm wae,
And unco sweer to die
Dear Jeany, think what dowy hours
I thole by your disdain ;
Ah ! should a breast sae fast as yours,
Contain a heart of stane ?

RECITATIVE.

These tender notes did a' her pity move,
With melting heart she list'ned to the boy ;
O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her love ;
He in return thus sang his rising joy,

Hence frae my breast, contentious care,
 Ye've tint the pow'r to pine;
 My Jeany's good my Jeany's fair,
 And e' her sweets are mine.
 O spread thine arms, and gi'e me fowth
 Of dear, enchanting blifs,
 A thousand joys around thy mouth
 Gi've heav'n with ilka kifs.

The T O A S T.

Tune, *Law ye my Peggy.*

COME let's ha'e mair wine in,
 Bacchus hates repining,
 Venus loves nae dwining,
 Let's be blyth and free.
 Away with dull—Here 'tye, Sir;
 Ye'er mistress, Robie, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee,

Then let Peggy warm ye,
 That's a lass can charm ye,
 And to joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.
 Some angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish ane brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her
 Kiltet to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is,
 Come lets join our glasses,
 And refresh our hauses
 With a health to thee.
 Let coofs their cash be clinking,
 Be statemen tint in thinking,
 While we with love and drinking,
 Give our cares the lie.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

To its ain tune.

THE meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;
 And Maggie was in her prime,
 When Willi made courtship till her:
 Twa pistols charg'd by guess,
 To gi'e the courting shot;
 And syne came ben the las
 Wi' swats drawn frae the but.
 He first speer'd at the guidman,
 And syne at Giles the mither,
 An ye wad gie's a bit land,
 We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doghter ye shall ha'e,
 I'll gi'e you her by the hand;
 But I'll part wi' my wife by my fae,
 Or I part wi' my land.
 Your tocher it fall be good,
 there's nane fall hae its maik,
 The las bound in her snood,
 And Crummie wha kens her flake;
 With an auld bedden o' claiths,
 Was left me by my mirth,
 They're jet black o'er wi' flaes,
 Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well guidman,
 But ye maun mend your hand,
 And think o' modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your land;
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither,
 A house is but anid benn,
 And Crummie will want her fother.

The ba'ns are coming on,
And they'll cry O their mither
We have nouthier pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that ye need na fear,
Twa good flits to the pleugh,
And ye yourself maun steer:
Ye shall hae twa good pocks
That anes were o' the tweel,
The t'ane to had the goats'
The ither to had the meal:
With an auld kist made of wands,
And that fall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may had your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
We ha'e but borrow'd gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilton's mare:
The saddle's nane o' my ain.
And thae's but borrow'd boots:
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun take to my coots:
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look sae crouse;
Come fill us a cogue of fwats,
We'll mak na mair toom ruse.

I lke you well, young lad,
For telling me sae plain,
I married when little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But sin that things are sae,
The bride she must come furth,
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae,
It'll be but little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
 Fy, cry on Giles the mither:
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the hiffie come hither.
 The bride she gade till her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her;
 The fidler crap in at the fit,
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

S O N G.

Tune, *Blink over the burn, sweet BETTY.*

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty
 Leave kindred and, friends, for me:
 Assur'd thy servant is steady
 To love to honour, and thee.
 The gifts of nature and fortune
 May fly by chace as they came;
 They're grounds the destinies sport on,
 But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,
 Thy charms so heavenly appear,
 That other beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only my dear.
 And shou'd life's sorrow embitter
 The pleasure we promis'd our loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan afunder like doves.

Oh were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my love in my arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed!
 And leave on thy heaven of charms;
 I'd laugh at fortune's caprices,
 Sho'd fortune's capricious prove;
 Tho' death shou'd tear me to pieces,
 I'd die a martyr to love.

S O N G.

Tune, *The bonny grey ey'd morning.*

CELESTIAL muses, tune your lyres,
 Grace all my raptures with your lays,
 Charming, enchanting Kate inspires,
 In lofty sounds her beauties praise :
 How undesigning she displays
 Such scenes as ravish with delight ;
 Tho' brighter than meridian rays,
 they dazzle not, but please the sight.

Blind god, give this, this only dart,
 I neither will, nor can her harm ;
 I would but gently touch her heart,
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.
 Go, Venus, use your fav'rite wile,
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,
 Let all your graces round her smile,
 And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
 And all my anxious cares remov'd,
 In moving notes I'll tell the maid,
 With what pure lasting flames I lov'd.
 Then shall alternate life and death
 My ravish'd flutt'ring soul possess,
 The softest tend'rest things I'll breathe
 Betwixt each am'rous fond caress.

S O N G.

Tune, *The broom of Cowdenknows.*

SUBJECTED to the power of love
 By Nell's resistless charms,
 The fancy fix'd, no more can rove,
 Or fly soft love' alarms.

Gay Damon had the skill to shun
 All traps by Cupid laid,
 Until his freedom was undone
 By Nell the conquering maid.

But who can stand the force of love,
 When she resolves to kill?
 Her sparkling eyes love's arrows prove,
 And wounds us with our will.

O' happy Damon, happy fair,
 What Cupid has begun,
 May faithful Hymen take a care
 To see it fairly done.

S O N G.

Tune, *Logan water.*

Vitas binmuleo me similis, Cbloe.

TELL me, Hamilla tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?

So flies the fawn, with fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its mother ev'ry where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face,
 Not with a hateful step pursue,
 As age to rifle every grace,

Cease then, dear wilderness, cease to toy,
 But haste all rivals to outshine,
 And grown mature, and ripe for joy,
 Leave mamma's arms, and come to mine.

A SOUTH-SEA SONG.

Tune, For our lang biding here.

WHEN we came to London town,
We dream'd of gowd in gowpens here
And rantinly ran up and down,
In risin' stocks to buy a shair :
We dastly thought to row and rowth,
But for our daffin paid right dear ;
The lave wad fare the war in trouth,
For our lang biding here.

But when we find our purses toom,
And dainty stocks began to fa',
We hang our lugs and we a gloom
Girn'd at stock jobbing ane and a'.
If ye gang near the South-sea house,
The whilly wha's will grip your gear.
Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
For our lang biding here.

HAP ME WITH THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy looks have kill'd my heart,
I pass the day in pain ;
When night returns, I feel the smart,
And wish for thee in vain.
I'm starving cold while thou art warm ;
Have pity and incline,
And grant me for a hap that charm-
ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
Still wanders o'er thy charms,
Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my arms.

But waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures which can only cure
 This panting breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine,
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the pow'rs of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

LOVE INVITING REASON.

A SONG, Tune of, — *Cha mi ma chattle na du-
 skar mi.*

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
 Ere Annie became a fine ladie in town,
 How lovely, and loving and bonny was she!
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee—
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy Jamie, wha dotes upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen;
 Can tining of trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears from these een
 that look with indiff'rence on poor dying me?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny,
 And think on thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

Ah! thou'd a new manto or Flanders lace head,
 Or yet a wee cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his heart bleed
 that anes had some hope of purchasing thine?
 Rouse up thy reason thy beautifu' Annie.
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegeris to me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny.
 And tent a true lover that dotes upon thee,

Shall a Paris edition of new fangle Sany,
 tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself be admir'd by fair Annie,
 And aim at those benifons promis'd to me?
 Rouse up thy reason my beautifu' Annie,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bonny be constant and canny,
 Love only thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

O! think, my dear charmer on every sweet hour,
 that slide away fastly between thee and me,
 Ere squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had power
 To rival my love or impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And let thy desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bonny, be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

THE ROB OF DUMBLANE.

LASSIE, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame;
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
 If I'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.
 Haste ye, gang to the ground of your trunkis,
 Busk ye braw and dinna think shame;
 Consider in time, if leading of monkies
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dumblane.

Be frank my lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And take my word and offer again.
 Sync ye may chance to repent it mickle,
 Ye didna accept the Bob of Dumblane.
 The dinner the piper and priest shall be ready,
 And I'm growing weary with lying my lane;
 Away then leave baith minny and daddy,
 And try with me the Bob of Dumblane.

SONG, Complaining of absence.

Tune, *My apron, deary*.

AN Chloe! thou treasure, thou joy of my breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a stranger to rest;
 I fly to the grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my charmer, and long to return;
 The fields all around me are smiling and gay,
 But they smile all in vain—my Chloe's away;
 The field and the grove can afford me no ease—
 But bring me my Chloe, a desert will please.

No virgin I see that my bosom alarms,
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with charms,
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the eye;
 These are not the looks of my Chloe I cry.

These looks, where bright love, like the sun sits
 enthron'd,
 And smiling diffuses his influence round;
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee my charmer amaz'd
 Thus gaz'd thee with wonder, and lov'd while I
 gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was still in thy sight
 It was pleasure all day, it was rapture all night,
 But now by hard fortune remov'd from my fair,
 In secret I languish, a prey to despair,
 But absence and torment abate not my flame,
 My Chloe's still charming, my passion the same;
 O! would she preserve me a place in her breast,
 Then absence would please me, for I would be
 blest'd.

S O N G,

Tune, I fix'd my fancy on her.

BRIGHT Cynthia's power divinely great,
 What heart is not obeying?
 A thousand Cupids on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing
 She seems the queen of love to reign;
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain
 The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heaven in kisses'
 Four senses thus she feast with joy,
 From nature's richest treasure:
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

S O N G.

Tune, I loo'd a bony lady.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
 Will you never ease my pain?
 Must I die for ev'ry feature?
 Must I always love in vain?
 The desire of admiration
 Is the pleasure you pursue;
 Pray thee try a lasting passion,
 Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you;
 For a lover ought to dare;
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy ways befitting?
 Will my dear be fickle still?
 Conquest is the joy of women,
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torment fills me,
 And my desp'rate thoughts increase;
 Pray consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a lover less.
 If your wand'ring heart is beating,
 For new lovers let i be:
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a da and fix yon me.

T H E R E P L Y.

IN vain, fond youth; thy tears give o'er;
 What more, alas! can Flavia do?
 Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore;
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more ;
 Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain, since any power,
 To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
 I'll sooth the ills I cannot cure ;
 Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
 And all that I inflict endure.

THE ROSE IN YARROW.

Tune, Mary Scot.

'Tas summer, and the day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the braes of Yarrow
 Till then despising beauty's power,
 I kept my heart, my own secure ;
 But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
 And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive ?
 No ransom take for Mary's slave ?
 Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me ;
 Her lovely smiles like light revive me
 No bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming fair ;
 This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
 In nature's gardens has no marrow.

Had of heaven but one request,
 I'd ask to ly in Mary's breast ;
 There would I live or die with pleasure,
 Nor spare this world one moments leasure ;
 Despising kings, and all that's great,
 I'd smile at courts and courtiers fate ;

My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such blifs I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain
In hopes my faithful heart may move her.
For leaving life I'll always love her.
What doubts distract a lover's mind?
That breast, all softness must prove kind;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

THE FAIR PENITENT.

A SONG.—*To its ain Tune.*

A LOVELY lass to a friar came
To confess in a morning early,
In what my dear, art thou to blame?
Come own it all sincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a lad that loves me dearly.

The greatest fault in myself I know,
Is what I now discover.
Then you to Rome for that must go,
There discipline to suffer.
Lack a day, Sir! if it must be so,
Pray with me send my lover.

No, no my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past failing.
I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,
That your penance is prevailing.

The last time I came o'er the Moor

THE last time I came o'er the Moor

I left my love behind me,

Ye pow'rs ! what pain do I endure,

When soft ideas mind me ?

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd

The beaming day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely maid,

In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,

Gazing and chafly sporting ;

We kiss'd and promis'd time away,

Till night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,

Ev'n kings when she was nigh me !

In raptures I beheld her eyes,

Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,

Where mortal steel may wound me ;

Or cast upon some foreign shore,

Where dangers may surround me ;

Yet hopes again to see my love,

To feast on glowing kisses,

Shall make my cares at distance move

In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place

To let a rival center ;

Since she excels in ev'ry grace,

In her my love shall center.

Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,

Their waves the Alps shall cover

On Greenland ice shall roses grow,

Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
tho' I left her behind me ;
Then Hymen's sacred bands shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom,
There while my being doth remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

THE LASS OF PEATY'S MILL.

THE lass of Peaty's mill,
So bonny blyth and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een,

Her arms, white round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
'To age it would give youth
to press them with his hand
Through all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride,

O had I all that wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insur'd long life and health,
 And pleasure's at my will;
 I'd promise and fulfil
 That none but bonny she
 The lass of Peaty's mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
 Who skiff on wings of amient air,
 Of my dear Delia take a care,
 And represent her lover
 With all the gaiety of youth,
 With honour justice love and truth,
 Till I return her passions sooth,
 For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid slave,
 With soul sunk in a golden grave,
 Who knows no virtue but to save
 With glaring gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who knows how to be kind,
 And have mair plenty in my mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain ambition:
 Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd for pleasure, when come night,
 Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mould divine,
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure
 Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise;
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well tun'd reeds to please her

THE YELLOW—HAIR'D LADDIE.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
 And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
 The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
 To wild and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees
 grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves ev'ning and morn:
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvians and faries unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, tho' young Maya be fair,
 Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing.
 Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
 Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
 truth:

But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
 And fair as the goddess who sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
 Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour: (dow'r
 Then, sighing, he wished, would parents agree,
 The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

N A N N Y—O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Kifs and carefs my Nanny—O
 She bids more fair to engage a Jove
 than Leda did or Danae—O,
 Were I to paint the queen of love,
 None else should sit but Nanny—O,

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O;
 I guess what Heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest'd Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

CHORUS,

*My bonny bonny Nanny—O,
 My lovely charming Nanny—O,
 I care not tho' the world know,
 How dearly I love Nanny—O.*

B O N N Y J E A N.

Love's goddess in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cudid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let the shaft at randon rove,
 For Jeany's haughty heart must bleed.
 The smiling boy with divine art.
 From Pamphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew unerring to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.
 No more the nymph, with haughty air,
 Refuses Willie's kind address;

Her yielding blushes shew no care,
 But too much fondness to suppress.
 No more the youth is fullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the green,
 While ev'ry day he spies some new
 Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports croud his breast,
 He moves as light as ilceting wind,
 His former sorrows seem a jest,
 Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind;
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 the glorious fields of war look mean;
 The chearful hound and horn give pain,
 If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in downs, with glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 Il charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 than Troy's prize, the Spartan queen,
 With breaking day, he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be with bonny Jean.

THROW THE WOOD LADDIE,

O SANDY, why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn?
 thy presence could ease me,
 When naething can please me:
 Now dowie I sigh on the bank of the burn,
 Or throw the wood, laddie, until thou return.
 Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,
 And primroses springing;
 Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,
 When throw the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear,

That I am forsaken some spare not to tell ;
I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,
Baith ev'ning and morning ;
Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,
When throw the wood laddie, I wander mysell.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in langour till that happy day,
When throw the wood laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE,

WHEN trees did bud and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
When Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her eye ;
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
*Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.*

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn-side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride :
Her cheeks were rosy, red, and white,
Her een were bonny blue ;
Her locks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said ;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd ;
Till baith at length impatient grown,
To be mair fully blest,

In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd I guess was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet ;
For ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a wauk so sweet ;
And that they aften shou'd return
Sic pleasure to renew
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.

S O N G.

Tune, Gilderoy.

AN ! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty cou'd beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Wou'd take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine ;
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest ;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.
My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother savour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart ;
Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he

Employ'd the utmost of his art ;—
To make a beauty, she.

S O N G.

Tune, *The yellow hair'd laddie.*

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain
Approach from your sport, and attend to my strain ;
Amongst all your number a lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard hearted as mine ?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies :
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears ;
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair :
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so !
And only when dreaming imagine my wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire :
Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire ;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

S O N G.

Tune, When she came ben she bobbed.

COME, fill me a bumper, my jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female impert'nence and noise;
Forl'vetry'd the endearments and pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense and whimsies by
Jove.

When first of all Betty and I were acquaint
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd like a saint;
But I found her religion her face and her love,
Were hypocrisy, paint, and self interest, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil came next with her languishing air
Her outside was orderly, modest, and fair;
But her soul was sophisticate, so was her love,
For I found she was only a strumpet by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
(You know marriage and money together do best.)
But the baggage, forgetting her vows and her love,
Gave her gold to a sniv'ling dull coxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a bumper their jolly brave boys;
Here's a farewell to female impertn'ence and noise:
I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
And for strumpets and jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS.

DUMBARTON's beat bonny—O.
When they mind me of my dear Jonny—O
How happy am I,
When my soldier is by,
While kisses and blesses his Annie—O
'Tis a soldier alone can delight me—O,

For his graceful looks do invite me—O :

While guarded in his arms,

I'll fear no war's alarms,

Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.

My love is a handsome laddie—O,

Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O

Tho' commissions are dear,

Yet I'll buy him one this year ;

For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O

A soldier has honour and bravery—O

Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O ;

He minds no other thing

But the ladies or the king ;

For ev'ry other care is but slavery—O,

Then I'll be the captain's lady—O ;

Farewell all my friends and my daddy—O ;

I'll wait no more at home,

But I'll follow with the drum,

And whene'er that beats, I'll be ready—O

Dumbarton's drums sound bonny—O

They are sprightly like my dear Jonny—O :

How happy shall I be,

When on my soldier's knee,

And he kisses and blesses his Annie—O !

Auld lang syne.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,

Tho' they return with scars ?

These are the noble hero's lot,

Obtain'd in glorious wars :

Welcome, my Varo, to my breast,

Thy arms about me twine,

And make me once again as blest,

As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough,
A thousand Cupids play,
Whilst thro' the groves I walk with you,
Each object makes me gay :
Since your return the sun and moon
With brighter beams do shine,
Streams murmur soft notes while they run,
As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din of state ;
Let that to their share fall,
Who can esteem such slav'ry great,
While bounded like a ball :
But sunk in love, upon my arms
Let your brave head recline,
We'll please ourselves with mutual charms,
As we did auld lang syne.

O'er moor and dale, with your gay friend,
You may pursue the chase.
And, after a blyth bottle, end
All cares in my embrace :
And in a vacant rainy day
You shall be wholly mine ;
We'll make the hours run smooth away,
And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd with the sweet air,
And signs of gen'rous love ;
Which had been utter'd by the fair,
Bow'd to the powers above :
Next day, with consent and glad hast,
Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;
Where the good priest the couple blest,
And put them out of pine.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love,
Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear;
The gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear.
They heard the praises of the youth
From her own tongue—from her own tongue
Who now converted was to truth,
And thus she sung—and thus she sung.

Bless'd days when our ingenious sex,
More frank and kind—more frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd adorers vex;
But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair
Wou'd he return—wou'd he return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him care,
Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I thee, deserving swain,
Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
When he my yielding heart did gain,
To own my flame—to own my flame?
Why took I pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy—and seem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My slighted joy—my slighted joy.

Yet fair, while beauty's in its spring,
Own your desire—own your desire,
While love's young pow'r with his soft wing
Fans up the fire—fans up the fire,
O do not with a silly pride,
Or low design—or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
 With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes.
 Glad Jamie heard her all the time,
 With sweet surprise—with sweet surprise.
 Some god had led him to the grove ;
 His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd !

PEGGY, I must love thee.

As from a rock past all relief,
 The shipwreck'd Colin spying
 His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half sunk in waves, and dying :
 With the next morning-sun he spies
 A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise :
 New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with despair my spirits mov'd
 To be forever parted :
 Thus droop'd I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying ?
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staving :
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :
 Why should we happy minutes lose,
 Since Peggy I must love thee.

Men may be foolish if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To sigh and sacrifice their ease,
 Doting on a proud beauty ;
 Such was my ease for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear ;
 False Betty's charms now disappear,
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 They are twa bonny lassies,
 They bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn-brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes,
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter ;
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning.
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck fast is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up, and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming tight and tall is :
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny lassies :
 Wae's me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts and take my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

J O N N Y.

Tho' for seven years and mair, honour shou'd
 reave me, (thee ;
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented :
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

O Jonny, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding ye'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the world wad vex my heart fairer
 If you prove unconstant and fancy ane fairer
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

J O N N Y.

My Nelly let never sic fancies oppress ye,
 For while my blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye ;
 Your blooming fast beauties first heated love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the world as it will, dearest believe me.

N E L L Y.

Then Jonny, I frankly this minute allow ye
 To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow ye:

And gin you prove fause, to ye'r self be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrong a kind maiden
 Reave me, reave me, heav'ns! it wad reave me
 Of my rest night and day, if you deceive me.

J O N N Y.

Bid ice shogles hammer red gauds on the study,
 And fair simmer-mornings nae mair appear ruddy,
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye
 But never till that time believe I'll betray ye,
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The starns shall gang witherhins ere I deceive thee.

My Deary, if ye die.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee,
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give,
 Thy love's so true to me:
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
 In sighs the silent day.
 I ne'er can so much virtue find,
 Nor such perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all womankind,
 My Peggy, after thee.
 Now new-blown beauty fires my heart
 With Cupid's raving rage,
 But thine which can such sweets impart,
 Must all the world engage.
 'Twas this that like the morning sun
 Gave joy and life to me;

And when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous love
And in such pleasure share ;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair ;
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me
Oh ! never rob them from those arms :
I'm lost if Peggy die.

MY JO JANET.

SWEET Sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the Bass then,
For the love ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass then.

*Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet ;
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My jo Janet.*

Keeking in the draw-well clear
What if I shou'd sa' in ?
Synce a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd mysell for sin.

*Had the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet ;
Had the better be the brae,
My jo Janet.*

Good Sir, for your courtesie,
Coming thro' Aberdeen then,
For the love you bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon then.

*Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet ;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My jo Janet.*

But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawking,
 If they should see my clouted shoon,
 Of me they will be taunking.
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en
Janet, Janet.
Syne a' their fauts will not be seen,
My jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse then.
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
Janet ; Janet,
Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
My jo Janet.

My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand Sir,
 To keep the temper pin in tiff,
 Employs a't my hand, Sir ;
Make the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet,
But like it never wale a man,
My jo Janet.

S O N G.

Tune, *John Anderson my jo.*

WHAT means this niceness now of late,
 Since time that truth does prove ;
 Such distance may consist with state,
 But never will with love.
 'Tis either cunning or disdain
 that does such ways allow ;
 The first is base, the last is vain :
 May neither happen you,

For if it be to draw me on
 You over-aet your part ;
 And if it be to have me gone,
 You need not ha'f that art ;
 For if you chance a look to cast,
 That seems to be a frown,
 I'll give you all the love that's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

MITHER.

AULD Rob Morris that wins in yon glen, (men,
 He's the king of good fellows, and wale of auld
 Has fourscore of black sheep, and fourscore too ;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Had you tongue mither, and let that abee,
 For his eild and my eild can never agree ;
 They'll never agree, and that will be seen ;
 For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Had your tongue doghter, and lay by your pride,
 For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the pride :
 He shall ly by your side, and kifs ye too ;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Auld Rob Morris I ken him fou weel,
 His a——it sticks out like ony peat creel,
 He's outshin'd, inkneed, and ringle cy'd too ;
 Auld Rob Morris is the man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Though auld Rob Morris be an elderly man,
 Yet his auld brass it will buy a new pan ;
 Then, doughter, ye should na be so ill to shoo,
 For auld Rob Morris is the man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld Rob Morris I never will hae,
 His back is fae stiff, and his beard is grown gray :
 I had titter die than live wi' him a year ;
 Sae mair of Rob Morris I never will hear.

S O N G.

Tune, Come kifs with me, come clap with me, &c.

PEGGY.

My Jocky blyth, for what thou'lt done,
 There is nae help nor mending ;
 For thou hast jogg'd me out of tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending.
 My mither sees a change on me,
 For my complexion dashes,
 And this, alas ! has been with thee
 Sae late amang the rashes.

JOCKY.

My Peggy, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee frae her scouling,
 Come then and let us buckle too,
 Nae langer let's be fooling ;
 For her content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy complexion dashes ;
 And then we'll try a feather bed,
 'Tis faster than the rashes.

PEGGY.

Then, Jocky, since thy love's fae true,
 Let mither scoul I'm easy :
 Sae lang's I live I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee
 And there's my hand I'll ne'er complain
 Oh ! weel's me on the rashes ;
 Whene'er thou likes I'll do't again,
 And a fig for a' their clashes.

S O N G.

Tune, Rotbes's lament : or, Pinky-house.

As Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her wo alone ;
 Her swain Sylvander came that way,
 And heard her dying moan ;
 Ah ! is my love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain ?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn
 Ere you'd exchange your love ;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore ?
 But ah ! it seems the most deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind,
 Alas ! I see it but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you, delighted I could die ;
 But oh, with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous constant I
 Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said all breathless, sick and pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital spirits fail,
 And senses at a stand.
 Sylvander then began to melt ;
 But ere the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death she felt,
 And sigh'd her soul to heaven.

The young Laird and Edinburgh Katy.

Now wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the street, my jo?
 My mistress in her tartan screen,
 Fu' bonny, braw and sweet my jo?
 My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,
 That never wish'd a lover ill,
 Since ye're out of our mother's sight,
 Let's tak a wauk up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
 And leave the dunsome town a while,
 The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
 And a' the simmer's gawn to smile,
 The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
 The bleating lambs and whistling hind,
 In ilka dale, green, shaw and park,
 Will nourish health, and glad ye'er mind,

Soon as the clear goodman of day
 Bends his morning draught of dew,
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
 And gather flow'rs to busk ye'r brow;
 We'll pou the daisies on the green
 The lucken gowans frae the bog:
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
 A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,
 Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r;
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in my arms
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

Katy's Answer.

My mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 tho' she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 to look to my love,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right sain wad I tak ye'r offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
 Then Sandy ye'll fret,
 And wyte ye'er poor Kate
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his gear
 And fac we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my parents wi' caution,
 Be wylie in ilka motion,
 Brag well o' yer land,
 And there's my leal hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

MARY SCOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
 When in soft flames souls equal burn,
 But words are wanting to discover
 The torments of a hopeless lover.
 Ye registers of heaven, relate,
 If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
 Mary Scot the flow'r of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
 Her love the gods above must share;
 While mortals with despair explore her,
 And at a distance due adore her.
 O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
 Revive and bless me with a smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair;
 My Mary's tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish:
 With success crown'd I'll not envy
 The folks who dwell above the sky;
 When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
 We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

O'er BOGIE.

*I Will awa' wi' my love,
 I will awa wi' her'
 Tho' a my kin had sworn and said,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her
 If I can get but her consent,
 I dinna care astrae;
 Tho ilka ane be discontent;
 Awa' wi her I'll gae.
 I will awa', &c.*

For now she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace.
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face,
I will awa', &c.

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour ; treats, and air,
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare :
 Her flowing wit gives shining life
 To a' her other charms ;
 How blest I'll be when she's my wife,
 And lock'd up in my arms !
I will awa &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your Humble Servant, King,
 I shame sa' them that wad change
 A kifs of Betty and a smile,
 A'beit ye wad lay down
 The right ye hae to Britain's isle,
 And offer me ye'r crown.
I will awa, &c.

O'er the Moor to Maggy.

AND I'll o'er the moor to Maggy,
 Her wit and sweetness call me
 Then to my fair I'll show my mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love mirth I'll learn to sing ;
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my lugs in Pindus' spring,
 And invoke Apollo.

If she admire a martial mind,
 I'll sheath my limbs in armour,
 If to the foster dance inclin'd,
 With gayest airs I'll charm her :
 If she love grandeur, day and night,
 I'll plot my nation's glory,
 Find favour in my prince's fight,
 And shine in future story.

Beauty can wonders work with ease
 Where wit is corresponding;
 And bravest men know best to please,
 With complaisance abounding.
 My bonny Maggy's love can turn
 Me to what shape she pleases,
 If in her breast that flame shall burn,
 Which in my bosom blazes.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

At Polwart on the Green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
 A kindly welcome you shall meet
 Frae her wha likes to view
 A lover and a lad complete,
 The lad and lover you.

Let dörty dames say *Na*,
 As lang as e'er they please,
 Seem caulder than the sna',
 While inwardly they bleeze;
 But I will frankly shaw my mind,
 And yield my heart to thee;
 Be ever to the captive kind,
 That langs na to be free.

At Polwart on the green,
 Amang the new-mawn hay,
 With fangs and dancing keen
 We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night if beds be o'er throng laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome my dear lad,
To take a part of mine.

JOHN HAY's bonny Laffie.

By smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey? maun I still live pining
 Myself thus away and darna discover
 To my bonny Hay, that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flames waxes stranger:
 Is she's not my bride my days are nae langer:
 Then I'll take a heart and try at a venture,
 May be, ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When bir's mount and sing, bidding day a good mor.
 The sward of the mead, enamel'd with daisies (row.
 Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her graces

But if she appear where verdures invite her,
 The fountain run clear, and flow'rs smell the sweeter:
 'Tis heaven to be by, when her wit is a-flowing.
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I am wounded;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded:
 I'm all on a fire dear maid to carefs ye,
 For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

KATHARINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did chear my brain
 From flow'rs which grew so rarely:
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd though it was foggy;
 I ask'd her name: sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear
In a country-maid so neatly ;
Such natural sweetness she display'd,
Like a lilie in a Bogie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, beauty's queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee :
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yee these cannot disguise thee ;
Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
Far excels any clownish rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but some shepherd swain !
To feed my flock beside thee.
At boughing time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee,
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my Club and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmens dang'rous stations,
I'd be no King, I'd wear no crown,
I'd smile at conq'ring nations :
Might I caress and still possess
This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
For these are toys and still look less,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature,
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.

Clouds of despair surround my love,
That are both dark and foggy:
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

An thou were my ain thing.

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee,
For Heavens sake, O favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.

*An thou were my ain thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee,
An thou were my ain thing,
How dearly would I love thee!*

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O! for their sake support a slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

An thou were &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake,
What man can name I'll undertake.
So dearly do I love thee.

An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which breathing out I'll love thee;
An thou were, &c.

Like bees that sip the morning dew,
Frae flow'rs of sweetest scent and hue,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy mou'
And gar the gods envy me.
An thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the use of light,
I'd on thy beauties feast my sight,
Syne in fast whispers through the night,
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee
An thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my Jean!
She moves a goddess o'er the green;
Were I a king, thou should be queen,
Nane but mysell aboon thee.
An thou were &c.

I'd grasp thee to this breast of mine,
Whilst thou like ivy, or the vine,
Around my stronger limbs shou'd twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee,
An thou were, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
In shining youth let's make our hay;
Since love admits of nae delay
O let nae scorn undo thee,
An thou were, &c.

While Love does at his altar stand,
Hae there's my heart, gi'e me thy hand,
And, with ilk smile, thou shalt command
The will of him wha loves thee.
An thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

My sweetest May, let love incline thee,
T' accept a heart which he designs thee ;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Synce for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a-shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny ;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,
There's my thumb 'twill ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,
Thy bosom white and legs sae fine are,
That, when in pools I see thee clean 'em,
They carry away my heart between 'em,
I wish, and I wish, while it gees duntin,
O gin I had thee on a monntain,
Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane throw flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae alang I'll dawt the gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee,
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer ay niff-naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For the Love of Jean.

JOCKY said to JEANY, Jeany, wilt thou do't?
Ne'er a fit quo' Jeany, for my tocher-good,
For my tocher good I winna marry thee.
E'ens ye like, quo' JONNY, ye may lat it be.

I hae gowd and gear, I hae land enough
 I hae seven good owfen ganging in a pleugh,
 Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee'
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let it ye be.

I hae a good ha' house, a barn and a byre,
 A stack afore the door, I'll make a rantin fire
 I'll make a rantin fire, and merry shall we be
 And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to Jocky, Gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the lad, I'll be the lass mysell.
 Ye're a bonny lad, and I'm a lassie free,
 Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

S O N G.

Tune, Peggy I must love thee.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade,
 Young Colin lay complaining
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining:
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Though pity cannot move thee,
 Though thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him.
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where every maid invites me,
 For thee sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only flights me,
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 Be all but thee's commended
 Oh! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over.
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas! tho' should it ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
 Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy I must love thee.

Genty Tibby and sonfy Nelly.

Tune, Tibby Fowler in the glen.

TIBBY has a store o' charms,
 Her genty shape our fancy warms;
 How strangely can her sma' white arms
 Fetter the lad who looks but at her?
 Frae er ancle to her slender waist,
 these sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
 Her rosy cheek and rising breast;
 Gar ane's mouth gush bowt fu' o' water.

Nelly's gawfy, fast and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken flowers in May;
 Ilk ane that sees her cries *Ab bey,*
She's bonny! O I wonder at her!
 The dimples of her chin and cheek.
 And limbs fae plump invite to dawt her,
 Her lips fae sweet, and skin fae sleek,
 Gar mony mouths beside mine water,

Now strike my finger in a bore,
 My wyson with the maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa stars appear the gither.
 O love! why dost thou gi'e thy fires
 Sae large while we're oblig'd to nither
 Our spacious fauls immense desires,
 And ay be in a hanker in fwither.

Tibby's shape and airs are fine,
 And Nelly's beauties are divine:
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye gods, give ear to my petition;
 Provide a good lad for the tane
 But let it be with this provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In prospect plano and fruition.

Up in the AIR.

Now the sun's gane out of o'sight,
 Beet the ingle, and sauff the light;
 In glens the fairies skip and dance,
 And witches wallop o'er to France,
 Up in the air
 On my bonny gray mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.
Up in, &c.

The wind's drifting hail and sna'.
 O'er frozen hags like a foot ba',
 Nae starns keek through th' azure slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony pit.
 The man i' the moon
 Is carousing aboon,
 D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet?
The man, &c.

Take your glafs to clear your een,
 'Tis the elixir heals the spleen,
 Baith wit and mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the lover's fire.

Up in the air,

It drives away care ;

Ha'e wi'ye, ha'e wi'ye, and ha'e wi'ye, lads, yet.

Up in, &c.

Steek the doors, keep out the frost ;
 Come, Willie, gi's about your toast,
 Til't lads and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome bout.

Up wi't there, there,

Dinna cheat, but drink fair ;

Huzza, huzza, and huzza, lads yet.

Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strac.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
 Gi'e her a kifs and let her gae,
 But if ye meet a dirty huffy,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strac.

Be fure ye dinna quit the grip
 Of ilka joy, when ye are young,
 Before auld age your vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
 When Jeany speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony shraith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook :
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lies the happiness you want ;
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 Nineteen na-says are ha'f a grant.

Now to her heavy bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss :
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring.
 As taiken of a future blifs.

These bennifons I'm very sure,
 Are of the gods indulgent grant :
 Then, surely earls, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining cant.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

By the delicious warmness of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that, as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done :
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
 Their sweetness they may tine ; and sae may ye :
 Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me ; gently thus I sa'
 Into my Patie's arms for good and a'
 But flint your wishes to this frank embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

PATIE.

O charming armsu' ! hence, ye cares away,
 I'll kifs my treasure a' the live lang day :
 A' the night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
 Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

*Sun, Gallop down the westlin skies,
 Gang soon to bed and quickly rise ;
 O lasth your steeds post time away,
 And haste about our bridal day ;
 And if ye're wearid, honest light,
 Sleep gin ye like a week that night.*

The Mill, Mill—O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still—O
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her with good will—O
 Her bosom I press'd ; but sunk in her rest.
 She stirr'dna my joy to spill—O :
 While kindly she slept close to her I crept,
 And kifs'd and kifs'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill—O,
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa',
 For the wind blew fair on the bill—O
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising
 Tald me with a voice right shrill—O, (fame)
 My las, like a fool, had mounted the stool,
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her, charms, with my son in her arms
 I serlying speer'd how she fell—O
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O
 Love gave thee command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade her a' fears expel—O.
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed mysel—O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grafs,
 Beneath the Shilling hill—O
 If I did offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill—O
 O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
 And the coggin of thee wheel—O :
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave
 And round with a sodger reel—O.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

Tune, Wo's my heart that we should sunder.

WITH broken words, and down cast eyes,
 Poor Colin spoke his passion tender ;
 And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
 Ah! wo's my heart that we should sunder.

To others I am as cold as snow,
 But kindly with thine eyes like tinder
 From thee with pain I'm forc'd to go :
 It breaks my heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy charms, I cannot range,
 No beauty new my love shall hinder,
 Nor time nor place shall ever change
 My vows, though we're oblig'd to sunder.

The image of thy graceful air,
 And beauties which invite our wonder,
 Thy lively wit and prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear nymph, believe thy swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a promise with a kiss,
 Always to love me though we funder.

Ye gods take care of my dear lass,
 that as I leave her I may find her,
 When that blest'd time shall come to pass.
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

The GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

THE pawky auld earle came o'er the lee,
 Wi' mony good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife for your courtesie,
 Will you lodge a silly poor man?
 The night was cauld, the earl was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My doughter's shoulders he 'gan to clapp,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be,
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain,
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What this flee twa togither were say'ng;
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, an ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my daddy's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shoud gang.

And O! quo' she, an I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd clead me braw and lady like,
And awa with thee I wou'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are gane,
Up in the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claife,
Synce to the servants bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed were the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hands, cry'd, Waladay,
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers and some to kists.
But nought was stown that could be mist:
She danc'd her lane cry'd Praise be blest,
I've lodg'd a leel poor man.

Since naething's awa', as we can learn,
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
Gae but the house lass and waken my bairn
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gaed where the doughter lay,
The sheets were cauld and she was away,
And fast to her goodwife did say,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again;
For she's be brunt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man
Some rade upo' horse some ran a-fit,
The wife was wood an out o' her wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor could she fit.
But ay she curs'd and she bann'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new chese a wang.
 The priving was good it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her ay, he gae her his aith,
 Quo she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 I'll fardly wad she'd crook her mou',
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.
 My dear, quo he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And hae na learn'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on,

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
 to carry the Gaberlunzie on,
 I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A crible or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

THE CORDIAL.

Tune, Where shall our goodman lie.

HE.

* WHERE wad bonny Annie lie?
 Alane nae mair ye mana lie;
 Wad ye a goodman ty?
 Is that the thing ye're lacking!

S H E.

Can a lafs fae young as I
 Venture on the bridal tie,
 Syne down with a goodman lie?
 I'm flee'd he'll keep me wauking.

H E

Never judge until ye try,
 Make me your goodman, I
 Shanna hinder you to lie,
 And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E

What if I shou'd wauking lie,
 When the hoboy's are gawn by,
 Will ye tent me when I cry,
 My dear I'm faint and iry?

H E

In my bosom thou shalt lie,
 When thou waukrife art, or dry,
 Healthy cordial standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

S H E

To your will I then comply,
 Join us, Priest, and let me try
 How I'll wi' a goodman lie,
 Wha can a cordial give me.

Ew-Bughts MARION.

Will ye go to the ew-bughts Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me?
 The sun shines sweet my Marion,
 But nae half so sweet as thee.
 O Marion's a bonny lafs,
 And the blyth blink's in her eye;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white haufs-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I marry my Marion,
 At ev'n when I come hame
 There's braw lads in Earnslaw Marion,
 Wha gape, and glowr with their eye,
 At kirk, when they see my Marion;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ews my Marion;
 A cow and a brawny quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal day;
 And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And vow but ye will be vapring.
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout my Marion;
 Nane dances like me on the green;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
 Sae put on your pearlins Marion,
 And kyrtle of the cramasie;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west and see ye.

The blythsome Bridal.

Fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin there;
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggy,
 the lass wi' the gowden hair.
 And there will be lang kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley meal;
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 to relish a cog of good ale.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sawny the futor
And Will wi' the meikle mou' ;
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the : tinkler, I trow ;
And there will be bow-legg'd Robbie,
With thumblefs Katy's goodman ;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,
And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fow-libber Patie,
And plucky fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Caper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
That wins in the how of the hill ;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in with black Bessie did mool,
With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
The lafs that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
Who alter was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd na warfe :
And there will be gleen Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh wi' the lilly-white leg,
Wha gade to the south for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flae-lugged sharney-tae'd Lawrie,
And shangy-mou'd haluket Meg
And there will be happier-ars'd Nanfy,
And fairy fac'd Flowrie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grity,
The lafs wi' the gowden wame.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie
 With his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
 And mille-shinn'd Mungo Macapic,
 The lad that was skipper himsell.
 There lads and lasses in pearlings
 Will feast in the heart of the ha'
 On fybows, and risarts, and earlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 With fowth of good gabbocks of skate
 Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdy,
 And cauler nowt-feet in a plate.
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whitens and speldings enew,
 With singed sheep heads, and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks
 And fowns, and faris, and baps,
 With fwats, and well seraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps:
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt haddocka, wilks, dulse and tangle,
 And a mill of good smishing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
*Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there;
 For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.*

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
But O they're vain and idly gaudy !
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly looks of my highland ladie
O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handsome, charming highland ladie :
May heaven still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lass and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd tak young Donald without trews
With Bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in borrows-town.
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hills with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady ;
Frac winter's cauld and summer's fun,
He'll screen me with his tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and silken bed,
May please a lawland laird and lady ;
But I can kiss and be as glad,
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidy.]
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While heaven preserves my Highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

ALLAN WATER,
 Or, My Love Annie's very bonny.

WHAT numbers can the muse repeat?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie?
 On her ten thousand graces wait,
 Each swain admires and owns her bonny.
 Since first she trod the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire;
 Each nymph does to her swain complain,
 That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling dearest care,
 This new delight this charming Annie,
 Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
 All day the am'rous youths convene,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All night, when she no more is seen,
 In blisful dreams they still adore her.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
 His rising sighs express his flame,
 His words were few, his wishes many
 With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
 Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He stole away my virgin heart;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.

Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;
Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

The Collier's bonny Lassie.

THE collier has a daughter,
And O she's wonder bonny ;
A laird he was that fought her,
Rich baith in lands and money ;
The tutors watch'd the motion
Of this young honest lover
But love is like the ocean ;
Wha can its deeps discover ?

He had the art to please ye,
And was by a' respected,
His airs sat round him easy,
Genteel but unaffected.
The collier's bonny lassie,
Fair as the new-blown lillie,
Ay sweet and never faucy,
Secur'd the heart of Willie.

He lov'd beyond expression
The charms that were about her,
And panted for possession,
His life was dull without her,
After mature resolving,
Close to his breast he held her,
In fastest flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her,

My bonny collier's daughter,
Let naething discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye :

For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty
 To ware what heav'n has lent me
 Upon your wit and beauty.

Where HELEN lies.

To———in Mourning.

AH! why those tears in Nelly's eyes?
 To hear thy tender sighs and cries,
 The gods stand listning from the skies,
 Pleas'd with thy piety.
 To mourn the dead dear nymph forbear,
 And of one dying take a care,
 Who views thee as an angel fair,
 Or some divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this fever of my mind,
 Caus'd by the boy severe and blind;
 Wounded I sigh for thee;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a height by Hymen's ties,
 To lay me down where Helen lies,
 And with thy charms be free.

Then must I hide my love and die,
 When such a sov'reign cure is by?
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,
 Whate'er my fate may be;
 Which soon I'll read in her bright eyes,
 With those dear agents I'll advise,
 They tell the truth when tongues tell lies
 The least believ'd by me.

S O N G.

Tune, *Gallowshiels.*

Ah the shepherd's mournful fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
 Nor dare disclose his anguish.
 Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
 My secret soul discover,
 While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her,
 The tender glance, the redd'ning cheek,
 O'erspread with rising blushes,
 A thousand various ways they speak
 A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless blush, and modest air,
 So fatal'y beguiling.
 Thy every look, and every grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee.
 Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
 Still will my hopes pursue thee
 Then when my tedious hours are past,
 Be this last blessing given,
 Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of heaven.

To L. M. M.

Tune, *Rantin roaring Willie.*

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
 Thy smiles so inchantly gay,
 And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
 Clear wit and good humour display,

But say not thou'tt imitate angels
 Ought fairer, though scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but never rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me?

Thus looks the beggar on treasure,
 And shipreck'd on landscapes on shore;
 Be still more divine and have pity;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For Mary, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor love, nor expects to be free;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slav'ry's a pleasure to me.

This is no mine ain house,

THIS is not mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robies bride,
 And mistress of his fire side,
 Mine ain house I like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.

When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in my ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee she faws.

RETURN hameward, my heart, again,
 And bide where thou was wont to be,
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain
 For love of ane that love not thee.
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good cause;
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?
 Be happy in thine ain free will,
 My heart, be never bestial,
 But ken wha does thee good or ill,
 At hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha can best play their paws,
 And let the silly sing her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Tho' she be fair I will not senzie,
 she's of a kind with mony mae;
 For why they are a fellon menzie
 That seemeth good and are not sae.

My heart, take neither start nor wae
 For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For sint a crum of thee she saws.

Remember, how that Medea
 Wild for a sight of Jason yied,
 Remember how that young Cressida
 Left Troilous for Diomede;
 Remember Hellen 'as we read,
 Brought Troy from bleis unto bare wa's:
 Then let her gae where she may speed.
 For sint a crum of thee she saws.

Because she said I took it ill,
 For her depart my heart was fair
 But was beguil'd; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care
 But be thou merry late and air,
 This is the final end and clause,
 And let her feed and foully fair
 For sint a crum of thee she saws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill.
 Nor gie a sob altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that get's her will
 She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her brows;
 Now let her snirt and syke her fill,
 For sint a crumb of thee she saws.

To Mrs E. C.

Tune, *Sae merry as we hae been.*
 Now Phœbus advances on High,
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen;
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.

Through plaintings, and burnies fae clear,
 We wander for pleasure and health,
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be ;
 Yet in them a' naething is found
 Sae perfect, Eliza, as thee
 Thy een the clear fountains excel,
 Thy locks they outrival the grove ;
 When zephyrs thus pleasingly swell,
 Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lilies combin'd,
 And flowers of delicate hue,
 By thy cheek and dear breasts are outshin'd
 Their tinctures are naething fae true.
 What can we compare with thy voice,
 And what with thy humour fae sweet ?
 Nae music can bless with sic joys ;
 Sure angels are just fae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight,
 Whose beauties ten thousand outshine.
 Thy sweet shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mix'd with fae many divine.
 Ye pow'rs who have given sic charms
 To Eliza your image below,
 O save her frae all humane harms !
 And make her hours happily flow.

My Daddy forbad, my Minny forbad.

WHEN I think on my lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.

My daddy was harsh,
 My minny was warse,
 That gart him gae yont the sea,
 Without an estate,
 That made him look blate :
 And yet a brave lad is he.
 Gin fae he come hame,
 In spite of my dame,
 He'll ever be welcome to me.

Love speers na advice
 Of parents o'er wife,
 That have but ae bairn like me.
 that looks upon cash,
 As naething but trash,
 That shakles what should be free.
 And tho' my dear lad
 Not ae penny had,
 Since qualities better has he ;
 A'beit I'm an Heirefs,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him since he loves me.

Then, my dear Jamie,
 to thy kind Jeanie,
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
 to her wha can find
 Nae ease in her mind,
 Without a blyth sight of thee.
 tho' my daddy forbad,
 And my minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone
 My favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
 Or without their leave,
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :

Be content with a heart,
that can never desert,
Till they cease to oppose or be.
My parents may prove
Yet friends to our love,
When our firm resolves they see ;
Then I with pleasure
• Will yield up my treasure,
And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune, Steer her up and had her gawn.

O Steer her up and had her gawn,
Her mither's at the mill, jo
But gin she winna tak a man,
Ee'en let her tak her will, jo,
Pray thee, lad, leave silly thinking,
Cast thy cares of love away ;
Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
'tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret.
How invitingly it looks ;
Take it aff, and let's ha'e mair o't,
Pox on fighting, trade and books.
Let's have pleasure while we're able,
Bring us in the meikle bowl,
Place't on the middle of the table,
And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
Fou, as ever it can hold :
O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
'Tis mair precious far than gold.
By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
Spite of Venus and her Mumpers,
Drinking better is than love.

Clout the Caldron.

HAVE you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken Chandelers?
 I am a tinkler to my trade,
 And newly come frae Flanders,
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded we've a bad run;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle,

Madam If you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment;
 For lady fair, tho' I appear
 To ev'ry ane a tinker;
 Yet to yoursell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle,

Love Jupiter into a swan
 turn'd for his lovely Leda;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff Europa.
 Then may not I as well as he,
 to cheat your Argos blinker,
 And win your love like mighty Jove,
 thus hide me in a tinker?
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For their is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.
 Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinker under tackl
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The MALT-MAN.

THE malt-man comes on Munday,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, *Dame, come gi'e me my filler,*
Or malt ye full ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,
 And gaugers with wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 Ann clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making din;
 The knack I learn'd frae an auld aunty,
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as flec,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me:
 For come when he likes, I'm ready;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

BONNY BESSY.

Tune, *Bessy's Haggies.*

BESSY's beauties shine fae bright,
 Were her many virtues fewer
 She wad ever give delight,
 And in transport make me view her

Bonny Bessy, thee alane
 Love, I naething else about thee;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.

Bessy's bosom's fast and warm,
 'Milk white fingers still employ'd;
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear Bessy, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder,

Bessy's tocher is but scanty.
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must entice a thousand lovers.
 'Tis not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

Omnia vincit Amor.

As I went forth to view the spring,
 Which Flora had adorned
 In raiment fair; now every thing
 The rage of winter scorned:
 I cast mine eye, and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamor;
 And drawing nigh I heard him cry,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*
 Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver;

Ah! Jeany's face has comely grace,
 Her locks that shine like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days;
 For *Omnia vincit amor*.

Her glancy een like comets sheen,
 The morning sun outshining,
 Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
 And make me die with pining.
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me with care
 Cry, *Omnia vincit amor*.

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wild,
 Condemn her for her scorning:
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her;
 Ye chanting birds; note these my words,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admired,
 And been ador'd for virtues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tired.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail.
 He could not speak, but flammer;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found tho' Cupid he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
 And vulcan with his Hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love.
For omnia vincit amor.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
 Which gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break afunder :
 Nor wise nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar ;
 His heart's the book where he's to look,
For omnia vincit amor.

The auld Wife beyont the Fire.

I.

THERE was a wise won'd in a glen,
 And she had dochters nine or ten,
 That sought the house baith but and ben
 To their mam a snishing.

*The auld wife beyont the fire,
 The auld wife aniest the fire,
 The auld wife aboon the fire,
 She died for lack of snishing.*

II.

Her mill into some hole had fawn,
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun hae a young goodman
 Shall furnish me with snishing.

The auld wife, &c.

III.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld
 And if ye with a younker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

IV.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear! your teeth's a' out.
 Besides ha'f blind, you have the gout,
 Your mill can had nae snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

V.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries auld mump
 For I hae baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

VI.

Thole ye, says Peg, that Pawky slut
 Mother, if ye can crak a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

VII.

The auld ane did agree to that,
 And they a pistol-bullet gat;
 She powerfully began to crack,
 To win hersell a snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

Note, *Snishing*, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but, in this song, it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

VIII.

Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
 And 'tween her gums sae squeez and row't,
 While frae her jaws the flaver flow'd,
 And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.
The auld wife, &c.

IX.

At last she gae a desperate squeez,
 Which brak the lang teeth by the neez,
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
 But she tint hopes of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

X.

She of the task began to tire,
 And frae her dochters did retire,
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
 And died for lack of snishing.
The auld wife, &c.

XI.

Ye auld wives notice well this truth,
 Assoon as ye're past mark of mouth,
 Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
 And leave of thoughts of snishing:
*Else, like this wife ayont the fire,
 Ye'er bairns against you will conspire;
 Nor will ye get unless ye hire,
 A young man with your snishing.*

I'll never love thee more.

My dear and only love I pray,
 That little world of thee,
 Be govern'd by no other sway,
 But purest monarchy:

For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart.
And never love the more.
As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone,
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
to gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe :
But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
thou storm or vex me sore,
As if thou set me as a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of my heart,
Where I should sly be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dares to share with me ;
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make the famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before :
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
And love thee more and more.

The BLACKBIRD.

UPON a fair morning, for soft recreation,
 I heard a fair lady was making her moan,
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
 Saying, my blackbird most royal is flown.
 My thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflections do grieve me,
 And I am o'er burden'd with sad misery;
 Yet if death should blind me,
 As true love inclines me
 My blackbird I'll seek out, wherever he be.

Once in fair England my blackbird did flourish,
 He was the chief flower that in it did spring;
 Prime ladies of honour his person did nourish,
 Because he was the true son of a king:
 But since that false fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this parting between him and me
 His name I'll advance
 In Spain and in France,
 And seek out my blackbird wherever he be.

The birds of the forest all met together,
 The turtle has chosen to dwell with the dove;
 And I am resolv'd, in foul or fair weather,
 Once in the spring to seek out my love,
 He's all my heart's treasure;
 My joy and my pleasure;
 And justly (my love) my heart follows thee,
 Who art constant and kind,
 And courageous of mind,
 All bliss on my blackbird wherever he be.

In England my blackbird and I were together,
 Where he was still noble and gen'rous of heart:
 Ah! wo to the time that first he went thither,
 Alas! he was forc'd from thence to depart.

In Scotland he's deem'd,
And highly esteem'd,
In England he seemeth a stranger to be;
Yet his fame shall remain
In France and in Spain;
All blis to my *blackbird*, where ever he be.

What if the fowler my *blackbird* has taken
Then fighting and fobbing will be all my tune;
But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
And hope yet to see him in May or in June.
For him through the fire,
Through mud and through mire,
I'll go: for I love him to such a degree,
Who is constant and kind,
And noble of mind,
Deserving all blessings, wherever he be.

It is not the ocean can fright me with danger,
Nor though, like a pilgrim, I wander forlorn,
I may meet with friendship of one is a stranger,
More than of one that in Briton is born.

I pray heaven so spacious,
To Britain be gracious,
Tho' some there be odious to baith him and me
Yet joy and renown,
And laurels shall crown
My *blackbird* with honour, wherever he be.

Tak your auld cloak about ye.

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw ou ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blasts fae bald,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell, my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an usefull cow,
 And she is come of a good kine;
 Aft has she wet the bairns mou,
 And I am laith that she shou'd tyne;
 Get up, goodman, it is fou tyne;
 The sun shines in the list fae high;
 Sloth never made a gracious end:
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was sitting for my wear;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't these thirty year:
 Let's spend the gear that we have won;
 We little ken the day we'll die:
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but ha'f a crown;
 He said, they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore the crown,
 And thou'rt a man of laigh degree;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase?
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat its thirty years
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:

Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she loves na strife;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to mantain an easy life,
 I ast maun yield though I'm goodman.
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her all the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

The Quadruple Alliance.

Tune, Jocky blyth and gay.

SWIFT, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Are still my heart's delight,
 I sing their sangs by day,
 And read their tales at night.
 If trac their books I be,
 Tis dulness then with me;
 But when these stars appear,
 Jokes, smiles, and wit shine clear.

Swift, with uncommon style,
 And wit that flows with ease,
 Instructs us with a smile,
 And never fails to please.
 Bright Sandy gladly sings
 Of heroes, gods, and kings:
 He well deserves the bays,
 And ev'ry Briton's praise.

While thus our Homer shines,
Young with Horatian flame,
Corrects these false designs
We push in love of fame.
Blyth Gay, in pawky strains,
Makes villains, clowns, and swains
Reprove with biting leer,
Those in a higher sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
Long may you give delight ;
Let all the dunces bray,
You're far above their spite :
Such from a malice sour,
Write nonsense lame and poor,
Which never can succeed,
For who the trash will read?

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.